UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XIII

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Germany Carries On!

By THEODOR HAHN

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part V. Chapter XXVIII

By M. K. GANDHI

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Letters from the Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Holmes, written on his way home from Palestine, including chapters on special phases of a survey of that country — its schools, colonies, shrines, ancient and modern, etc. Letters to follow from Athens, Egypt and Italy, at which places Mr. Holmes touched on his return journey.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, MAY 6, 1929 NUMBER 10

DRINK

" . . . nobody has asked the question of what I think of drink. I can tell you what I think of drink. It has caused more misery than any other one thing in the world. It has caused political, moral and social corruption and never has it helped man in his struggle from the material to the spiritual. And, after all, that is what counts in life. In fact it is the only purpose of life, just a struggle from the material to the spiritual, and drink has always hindered man in that upward struggle."

—*Lady Astor.*

Ferocious things have been happening in the enforcement of Prohibition. The shelling and sinking of the British vessel, "I'm Alone," comes as near to being open war upon the high seas as anything that we have had since the brave days of 1812 and thereabouts. The capture of a private house in Chicago with bombs and rifles, the wounding of the householder, and the killing of his wife, seem much like so many features of a civil war. The Jones Act, already commented upon in these columns, threatens a severity of prison punishment which reminds us of ancient days of penal cruelty and vengeance. Personally, this whole procedure shocks and sickens us. It offends our sense of decency, and outrages our reverence for human rights. Furthermore, we are convinced that enforcement methods of this kind react upon the very cause of public order which they would serve, and thus defeat themselves. But there is another side to all this! Who is responsible for this ferocity of government? We answer, the considerable body of so-called respectable citizens who, by their wanton defiance of the Constitution, their reckless patronage of bootleggers and rum-runners, their blind support of murder-gangs and racketeers, are driving the government to desperate remedies. Given a certain amount and persistency of lawlessness, and government takes things rather rudely into its own hands. We do not approve; we simply state the fact. It is time that the "wets" knew what they are doing. If, like the slaveholders of 1860, they are proposing to take us into a civil war in defense of the liquor traffic, which is the most iniquitous social evil this nation has grappled with since chattel slavery, we see no way of stopping the catastrophe. But if these same "wets" think they can get away with this kind of rebellious business, they are as sadly mistaken today as the slaveholders were yesterday. The blood, and the defeat, is on their heads!

In view of what is happening, it may be well to survey the Prohibition situation as it actually stands today. This means not our opinions or prejudices, either "wet" or "dry," but the reality of things as we now behold them. First and foremost, there is the fact, denied or questioned by nobody, that the Eighteenth Amendment is in the Constitution to stay. We have yet to find the man so sanguine of change that he thinks this Amendment can be removed from the fundamental law of the land. Like the weather, it is here, whether we like it or not. Secondly, we have in office an administration utterly committed to the enforcement of Prohibition as defined by the Eighteenth Amendment, and this administration, in all human probability, is with us for the next eight years. Mr. Hoover's Inaugural Address, followed by his New York address (April 22nd), leaves no doubt in anybody's mind as to his attitude and policy as President upon this issue. Add to this statement of conviction, Mr. Hoover's well-known efficiency and character, and give these factors eight years in which to work and what chance is there for the "wets"? Thirdly, the Supreme Court, by every decision handed down since the Eighteenth Amendment was ratified, has sustained it and all legislation enacted for its enforcement. Mr. Hoover has the appointment of new judges to this Court for eight years to come. What change in judicial interpretation of the law is likely to occur in this generation? Lastly, the majority political party of the country is unreservedly committed to Prohibition. The Republicans are as likely to repudiate this policy as they are the policy of the protective tariff. As for the minority party, that whole section of the country from which the Democracy draws its life, is "dry"; and the party, after the experience of the Smith campaign, will no more flout Prohibition again than it will voluntarily go out of existence altogether. We can think of no public policy in this country so firmly entrenched, so permanently secure, so unconquered and unconquerable, as Prohibition. If the "wets" keep on in their wanton defiance of the nation, can they complain at what is destined to befall them?

We do not know much about the details of the German reparations question. But our heart gave a shout of joy when Dr. Schacht stood up in his boots

the other day, and laid down terms to the Allied conferees. For, whatever the technicalities involved, this whole reparations business is at bottom abominable. The moral logic of the situation is obvious, and should bear its conclusion to any sane and sympathetic mind. Thus, the whole system of reparations goes back to the Versailles Treaty which declares that Germany was responsible for the War and, therefore, must pay the costs. But, if Germany was thus responsible, it was the Germany of the Kaiser and his government, and not the Germany of the people who rose up and got rid of that government. "We have no quarrel with the German people," said Woodrow Wilson, when he took America into the War. Why, then, should we punish these people with penalties more terrible than any known since Rome destroyed Carthage? But we now know that not even the Kaiser was responsible for the 1914 disaster. There are numerous historians who stand ready to prove that France and especially Russia are more culpable than Germany. All historians of serious standing are at least agreed that France and Russia must share responsibility with Germany, and the two central offenders, Serbia and Austria. In which case, of course, there is no imaginable reason why Germany should be crushed with reparations except the barbaric reason that she is down, and her enemies have the chance to squeeze the life out of her. Of course, Germany should never have signed the Versailles Treaty. Having signed it in the helplessness and dismay of her military defeat, she is now unable to do anything. Dr. Schacht's protest comes too late. But we are glad he made it, if only for the sake of decency and right.

Again the Geneva disarmament farce! Was there ever anything quite like it? As per custom and precedent, Soviet Russia leads the way with a perfectly feasible scheme for reducing armies and navies. As per custom and precedent, this program is rejected by the other nations, for no other reason than the fact that it emanates from the feared and hated Bolsheviki. Then these other nations discover that they have nothing themselves to present—and adjournment is had for further study! Meanwhile, the arms situation in Europe is growing steadily and alarmingly worse. Costs are mounting in every country, except Britain, which means that the old competitive armament race is with us precisely as it was before the War. A new complication is the sudden and wholly unexpected reentrance of Germany into the race. Under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, it was thought that she was safely disarmed for many years. Now it suddenly appears that, forbidden to build any warship beyond a certain narrow tonnage limit, Germany has succeeded in devising a craft within this limit so much more terrible than any vessel now afloat, as to threaten the security of every other naval power. All of which is a delightfully commentary on the whole arms competition business! But on the other side is a factor which seems to have been given little attention at Geneva. We refer to the Briand-Kellogg Treaty, to which Ambassador Gibson referred when he made the April 22nd proposal which, purely technical, has caused discussion out of all proportion to its real importance. Quoting Mr. Hoover, the American Commissioner said that the President "feels that the fact of the renunciation of war opens to us an unprecedented opportunity for advancing the cause of disarmament, an opportunity which admits of no delay." Thus does the Briand-Kellogg Treaty already prove its effectiveness as an instrument of peace! All the momentum there is in the world today toward actual disarmament, springs from this one document.

Is our newspaper press completely dominated by the Roman church? Some weeks ago, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the great Einstein, Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, came out with an attack upon this scientist which was unparalleled for sheer ignorance and insult. Not content with attacking the validity of Einstein's discoveries, about which he jovially confessed that he knew nothing, the Roman primate went on to impugn Einstein's motives by suggesting that he was deliberately trying to corrupt the minds of modern youth by teaching atheism. (The same charge, by the way, that was once brought against a man by the name of Socrates!) So absurd was this attack, so utterly and beautifully preposterous, that we waited with eager glee for the avalanche of newspaper ridicule which we felt sure would descend upon the Cardinal's head. But nothing happened. Silence was everywhere. Had it not been for a courageous reply by Mr. Louis Marshall, at the great anniversary meeting in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, the Cardinal's remarks would have gone altogether unchallenged. Then we bethought ourselves! Suppose—as was cogently suggested to us by a friend—suppose that Dr. John Roach Straton had made this silly and vicious attack upon Professor Einstein. Suppose that Calvary Baptist Church, instead of the Boston Roman Catholic Cathedral, had been the scene of this absurd revelation of stupidity and venom. How would the newspapers have exploded with derisive mirth! Double columns and two-inch headlines would have been inadequate to carry the editorial flood of ridicule which would have been poured out upon the unhappy Fundamentalist. Is it not a fair question—do our newspapers play fair? Why should a Roman Catholic priest be able to get away with anything, and a Protestant pastor with nothing? Fatheadedness is fatheadedness, no mat-

ter whose the head—and we believe it should be so treated in the public prints.

Every time there meets a convention of the D. A. R., or of the American Legion, we discover that war is a two-fold evil. Nothing could seem to be worse than the horrors of actual armed conflict; but added to these must always be reckoned the horrors that come along after the actual fighting is done. The American Revolution, for example, was not ended when Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, nor yet when the treaty of peace was signed in Paris. It has continued right down to our own day, and threatens to go on forever, in the form of such apparently timeless organization as the Sons of the American Revolution, the Daughters of the American Revolution, etc. The Civil War brought us the G. A. R., with its wanton political interferences, its scandalous pension riots, and its persistent glorification of arms. And the Great War has produced the American Legion, which we have reluctantly come to believe must have taken its name from Mark v:9. If a war could only be done with, when it is done! But alas, like a fecund fish, it spawns endlessly; and its offspring seem to live forever. No good that the American Revolution may have brought to the world can compensate for the evil of the D. A. R., which, if its purpose can be judged from its actions, exists for the sole end of undoing everything that the forefathers lived and died for. The Great War was an unmixed ill, and the whole of it is being perpetuated to generations yet unborn by the fell influence of the American Legion. Like an earthquake at sea, war stirs the waters of the world, and throws to the surface every vile and hidden monster; and there these monsters float and propagate, till they swarm upon us like the vermin of disease. It is by just that process, indeed, that war propagates itself. Out of one conflict there spring the very influences of prejudice, hate and fear which make possible the next confiict. War, that is, breeds war. Only by utterly destroying this dragon and all its brood, can man ever be delivered.

Talk

Talk is cheap. It is cheap and yet talk has been the means of man's escape from savagery. He has talked himself out of the cave filled with smoke, its floor bestrewn with bones, into the comforts and delights of a modern home. Even more than this has talk done, or man has done with talk. Without talk his mentality would not rise above that of the gibbon or the chimpanzee.

Talk is our chief means for the communication of ideas. It is the exchange of ideas that is the condition and means of our mental growth. When two men exchange ideas each has his mental resources increased two-fold. Heretofore each man had but one idea and now each has his own, his neighbors and the idea that is the result of the mingling of the two.

If a man walks about the market place exchanging ideas with all and sundry he will in the course of a few hours have such a multitude of ideas in his possession that the tabulation would require a battery of adding machines. The resultant numbers would be astronomical in their character. Luckily the stream of talk contains within it a goodly proportion of the waters of Lethe. Otherwise men would fairly stagger under the weight of their casual acquisition of ideas.

Nevertheless, man has succeeded in spite of his forgetfulness in accumulating the considerable store of ideas which make up the body of our civilization. Talk is cheap, but out of it have come riches far greater than those of the Indies. Talk has words for its substance and with words man has broken down battlements and towers. Fiery assaults of words which talk has hurled at entrenched wrong have forced tyrants to bow the knee at the altar of justice.

Talk is cheap. It is like the air—of inestimable value to mankind. It is so common that we ignore it. It's a gift that all have and few cultivate.

Books are only talk caught by the cleverness of man and imprisoned on the white page. Thus we talk with men and women of all ages. We are enabled to listen in to the conversations of the wise men of Athens and hear the roll of the ancient prophets' thunder. Libraries are the heaped up talk of the ages that are past. As one walks by the crowded shelves he can hear the sweet voices of the poets, the high, shrill cries of the men who have dreamed dreams of what mankind might be, the sober talk of the scientists and the earnest tones of the philosophers. Here is the stored wisdom of the centuries, but it is only talk.

In the long, long story of many upward climbs talk has been the significant and determining tool. It is the mark of the man, the very condition of the blossoming of ideas. It makes or has made man *homo sapiens.*

But there is another side to talk. Marvelous as talk is, there is much that is silly talk, foolish talk, evil talk and downright stupid talk—that goes on from generation to generation. A New England town wit once shot a bolt that has more than local application. In the heat of debate he said, "Ef Jim Dodd hed sot down befur he got op and hadn't sed nothing, what he

did say it would have sounded better than what he did."—The trouble is that the Jim Dodds just will not sit down. So this stream of cruel, mean and vicious talk goes on.

"They say"——. Under the mask of this general anonymity a flood of talk rushes on day after day and year after year. It is of the order of Melchisedec. No one knows whence it comes. It is without father or mother. "They say,"—omnipresent—carries the responsibility for conversation in club or sewing circles, in casual meetings on the street or in pullman car smoking room,—in fact, everywhere that people meet. Neither male nor female: plural and never singular, this misbegotten child of no one is the absolute authority for millions who accept his word as the voice of God.

Gossip is talk that looks with reverence on "They say." Under his leadership reputations are blasted, careers are destroyed, homes broken up. And a perfect torrent of misery and suffering floods the land. If Saul has slain his thousands and David his tens of thousands then Gossip has slain its millions.

Why do people gossip? Is it not because they are cruel? The most confirmed of gossipers deny the slightest suspicion of sadism. "They say!" The voice falls to a whisper. The pledge of secrecy is given. It is understood that this is only "among us." No, it it not because people are cruel. They are ignorant. They have nothing else to talk about. They have not listened to the voices of the past. Talk and talk they must, for that is the nature of man. They talk about their neighbors, public officials, folks that they would like to be but cannot be. They talk about what they know,—and what do they know more about than what they get from "They say."

Harmless! Yes,—most talk that is gossip is harmless—when it starts. It is just a bit of useless conversation floating on the air. "They say" seizes upon it, and then it becomes a series of malignant poisoned arrows. Kindly folk of the sewing circle, without a bit of malice in their hearts sit quietly sewing. As they sew they talk and their talk floating out on the wanton air is seized upon by "They say." It is meat and drink to this enemy of reputations and destroyer of homes. Not for the world would these kindly folk hurt a single soul. And yet they gossip.

Propaganda is talk, talk that is covered with the mantle of truth. The propagandists are devils who use the divine gift of talk to obscure the issue. For pay they sell their souls and prostitute the noblest gift of God to man. It was a cynic who said that speech was given man to conceal the truth. It is the propagandist that gives a semblance of truth to this epigram.

Idle foolish chatter about people, the systematic perversion of the truth, libels that sneak about in the darkness, all are talk, talk that brings death, not life.

Lives are ruined—hopes blasted, careers ruined by talk. Man in his upward progress has turned against himself the best tool that he possesses. In his hands it has become all too often a poisoned dagger.

Why not recognize the gossiper, the propagandists, the libelers for what they are, enemies of mankind. When talk is a tool of sympathetic truth seeking men, it is the "open sesame" to the Future.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Jottings

President Hoover is obviously of a scientific turn of mind. He regards Prohibition as a "noble experiment," and urges his farm relief measures as "experimental." We wonder if he thinks his administration an experiment, too!

Lloyd George (Liberal) seeks to win the English electorate by offering them jobs. Winston Churchill (Conservative) bids for their votes by taking the tax off tea. Now what bribe is Ramsey MacDonald (Labor) going to present?

A porter, arrested in New York on a serious charge, was found to be so weak and sick from undernourishment that his mind was affected. He complained that he was supporting a family of three on $1,600 a year. *Yet he had a radio!* No question about it—Americans must have luxuries even if they have to go without necessities!

"British Millionaires Now Total Only 543."—Headline in the New York *Times*.

Now isn't that just terrible—especially when we read on further that these 543 millionaires had an aggregate *income* of "only" $275,000,000! Verily, this is a more poignant evidence of the poverty of England than all the tens of thousands of starving miners.

World-wide comment has followed upon the announcement that Prince George, son of the English King, has taken a job in the British Foreign Office. So curious is it still that anybody should work who does not have to!

It would seem as though aeroplanes might avoid collision when flying. "The sky is the limit"—why should machines get in one another's way? Yet, in recent weeks, the day's news has carried one story after another of fatal collisions.

J. H. H.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XIII

Before continuing my account of my travels, I propose to complete my notes on Palestine by some three or four chapters on certain very special phases of my survey of that country. In this chapter I shall speak of the work of Nathan Straus in the holy land of his fathers. In later chapters, I shall write of my visits to the schools, of the various types of colonies I inspected, of important and interesting persons I met. It is my hope that these studies may help to complete a picture of what I saw in Palestine which, sketched hurriedly in my rapid journeyings, has been, I fear, all too fragmentary in character.

I

Two men are honored and beloved in Palestine above all others. The one is the Baron Rothschild, whose benefactions saved Zionism in the early and critical days of its life. The other is Nathan Straus, whose benefactions are stabilizing and enriching Zionism in these later days of its progress and its promise. Both are old men—they stand at about the same distance beyond the eightieth mile-stone of their years! Both are alert, vigorous, active men, living to see their work bear fruit, and win the plaudits of mankind. Mention their names among the peoples of Palestine, and all "rise up and call (them) blessed."

It was my happy fortune to visit Palestine at the invitation and as the representative of Nathan Straus. If my visit has been peculiarly happy and informing, it is because the name of this great humanitarian has been a magic word which has opened the doors of every home and every heart. Palestine has been at my feet, to do whatever I might ask or want, because of my relation to Mr. Straus on this mission of observation and study. If my experience is any criterion, and this land a fair example, Nathan Straus can say more truly, as well as more beautifully, than Monte Cristo "The world is mine!"

Mr. Straus has made Palestine his, as he long ago made, first, New York and, then, all America his by his generous and noble benefactions on behalf of suffering humanity without distinction of race, creed, or nationality. In view of the special character of my errand, it was my duty, as well as pleasure, to hunt out Mr. Straus's work and see for myself the evidences of what he was doing for mankind. But I had little "hunting" to do! As well talk of hunting for the Mount of Olives or the Jordan River in Palestine, as to talk of hunting for the work of Nathan Straus! His work is everywhere. I found it as easily and saw it as beautifully as "the lilies of the field" which, at the very moment of my visit, were touching the land with splendor.

For a quarter of a century, Nathan Straus has been serving his fellowmen in Palestine. He and his devoted wife, Lina, came to this country in 1904 simply as tourists who would "see the sights." No sooner had he arrived, however, when something touched him. He saw the holy land of his people. He discovered heroic Jews from many nations struggling with incredible labor and sacrifice to recover this land for Israel, and thus to restore the last homeland of the patriarchs and prophets. He beheld these "pioneers" in a great spiritual adventure living under conditions which could be immeasurably improved, dying from diseases which could be speedily conquered, waiting patiently for help which could and should be lavishly given. At once he canceled his reservations on trains and steamers, abandoned his tour of pleasant travel, and stayed in Palestine to see what he and his wife could do. At that moment began the labors of Nathan and Lina Straus for Palestine—and the record of their work is over all the land.

II

I visited first the soup-kitchen in the old city of Jerusalem. This, with another outside the walls, has been maintained by Mr. Straus through all these years, to provide food freely for destitute people. Jerusalem has always had its destitute men and women. There have always been aged Jews, for example, who have spent their last penny to come to the City of David and lay their bones within its sacred soil. Students with little to sustain them have haunted this holy city. In more recent times there have been the victims of economic crises. In one way or another, the margin of subsistence in this wasted portion of the world is very narrow, and starvation stands daily at the threshold of many homes. To meet this need, Mr. Straus opened and maintained his kitchens. One of them is feeding at this time 1,200 helpless people, the other 800. "There is no poverty in the world equal to that of Palestine," says a recent writer; and these kitchens meet it daily like an army meeting an enemy.

We arrived just a few minutes before the distribution of food. The rooms, leading off a narrow, squalid street, were already crowded, one with women, the other with men. In a third room, the kitchen proper, were great stacks of fresh-baked bread, and a huge vat of steaming soup. We sat down to eat our meal with the rest—the hot soup was welcome, as the day was cold!—and then we watched the distribution of the food. The men took their soup and bread, and went back, most of them, to the benches to eat them. The women, on the contrary, were obviously prepared to take their share away. They had children or aged parents at home, and these must be fed before they ate themselvs. Characteristic of women the world around! It was an amazing sight to watch the faces of these hungry folk. Jews of every stock, from every clime; and many who were not Jews! Most of the men were pitiably old and weak, with faces haggard and drawn, yet hallowed by the ineffable dignity of long and patient endurance. The women varied more in age, and garb, and picturesqueness. They were friendly gossips, for the director had frequently to hush their eager talk, that the busy work might go on without confusion. Only the men were quiet, and obviously glad to get away. The system was superb—each applicant had his ticket, which represented sympathetic inquiry and knowledge as to his need. Yet I saw hungry men and women who were fed without identification. No one was turned away!

Child welfare stations founded and maintained by Mr. Straus, were visited on this same morning. Right in the heart of what we would call the "slums" were these blessed rooms where mothers received prenatal care, babies were weighed and tended and

tested and cared for, dietetic instruction given, methods of cleanliness and sanitation in the home inculcated, and general family instruction provided. For this work nurses are needed, as Mr. Straus himself foresaw in 1913, when he personally brought two trained nurses to Palestine, and thus began the development of that nursing service which can only be compared with the Henry Street Settlement work in New York. Pasteurization of milk, Mr. Straus's' triumphant achievement in the field of modern scientific philanthropy, was also inevitable, and is carried on as one of the basic activities of the public health work of Jerusalem. Jew, Christian and Arab now receive and welcome pasteurized milk as the magic medium of health for their little ones.

A Nurse's Settlement, a Pasteur Institute Bureau a Public Health Bureau, work rooms for unskilled labor, co-operation with Hadassah (the great Jewish women's organization for the conduct of hospitals, clinics and dispensaries throughout the land), the Nathan Straus Fund for any need at any time—all these are the work of the great New York philanthropist. As fitting culmination of these years of fruitful labor, comes now the rearing of two great Public Health Centers, the one in Jerusalem, and the other in Tel-Aviv. In nothing was I happier than in my visits of inspection to these two as yet uncompleted structures. Walls were not yet finished, equipment not yet in, but enough was done to show me what centers of health and happiness these buildings are going to be. Everything that wisdom can conceive and money can buy for the special service of mothers and children, and in more general ways of the community at large, has been here provided. Over the doors are placed inscriptions, in Hebrew, Arabic and English, inviting all to enter and be healed in body and in spirit. I have seen nothing anywhere to surpass the promise of these institutions. In them will live and work the genius of Nathan and Lina Straus, and generations yet unborn will call them blessed.

III

In nothing has the work of Nathan Straus been so remarkable as in its catholic or inclusive character. In Palestine, as for years past in New York, this man has served all men without distinction of race or creed. For the Jews of Palestine he will do nothing that is not equally for Arabs and for Christians. When the great earthquake devastated the land two years ago, Mr. Straus was the first to help with a contribution, cabled immediately the news had reached America, of $25,000, and this gift was given strictly upon the understanding that it was to be used for *any* persons in need from the disaster. As it happened, it was predominantly Arabs who suffered, and not Jews, and thus was this bounteous relief of a great Jew expended almost exclusively for the help of Moslems. By this one act, Mr. Straus did more to heal the breach between Jews and Arabs in Palestine, and thus to solve the one most vexing problem in Zionism today, than has been done in all the years since Zionism began.

Today, as the culminating achievement of his years, Mr. Straus is the prophet of peace and brotherhood among all mankind. In Palestine he seeks nothing quite so eagerly as the reconciliation of the diverse races and religions which populate this land. What he would do in Palestine, he would see realized as well throughout the confused and distracted world of our time. Palestine is perhaps to him most precious at this hour as the sign and symbol of the peace which may yet be established for all mankind. Here at last is the Jew to fulfill his appointed spiritual function as the creator and leader of God's Kingdom, and thus the law at last go forth from Zion exactly as promised in the older time. It is a wonderful thing to see a young man moved with a mighty passion for the redemption of mankind in love and brotherhood. It is an even more wonderful thing to see an old man thus moved with passion for his kind. By a sort of divine logic the practical philanthropic work of Nathan Straus has led at last to this sublime idealism of peace. In him, more than in any other living man, does Zionism find at once its prophet and its saint.

IV

It was a late afternoon, and the coffee cups had long been drained. Yet nobody seemed to want to go away! The talk was too exciting—the subject too important. I had come to this hospitable Arab home, especially to meet the leaders of the Arab people. And here they were—a dozen of them—lawyers, editors, teachers, merchants, politicians. What I wanted was the Arab point of view on the question of the Jews, the Zionist crusade, the English mandate. And I was getting it! Thanks to some happy chance, this was one of those occasions when barriers drop, when reserves are scattered to the winds, and each man speaks his mind. I sat in tense silence, as these men clustered about me, and bared the convictions of their minds. It was illuminating—but also terrifying; for here was the problem of races, of nationalities, of majority and minority groups, which had wrecked many a country and blasted many a human hope.

I wondered how this problem could be solved. I sought an answer in these intelligent, intent, nerve-drawn faces, and found none. Perhaps it was because I saw so clearly their point of view, and sympathized so inevitably with so many of their contentions! Then, by some chance, there was spoken the name of "Nathan Straus." For a moment, at least, the spell was broken. Nothing seemed impossible as a common smile lit every countenance, and a common love warmed every heart.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

Heroes of Peace

Hail the Hero workers of the mighty Past!
They whose labor builded all the things that last.
Thoughts of wisest meaning; deeds of noblest right;
Patient toil in weakness; battles in the night;
Hail, then, noble workers, builders of the Past!
All whose lives have blest us with the gains that last.

Hail ye, Hero workers, who to-day do hear
Duty's myriad voices sounding high and clear;
Ye who quick responding, haste ye to your task,
Be it grand or simple, ye forget to ask!
Hail ye, noble workers, builders of to-day,
Who life's treasure gather, that shall last alway.

Hail ye, Hero workers, ye who yet shall come,
When to the world's calling all our lips are dumb!
Ye shall build more nobly if our work be true
As we pass Life's treasure on from Old to New.
Hail ye, then, all workers, of all lands and time,
One brave band of Heroes with one task sublime.

—*Anna Garlin Spencer.*

Germany Carries On!

(From Our German Correspondent)

During the past few years there has sprung up in Germany a host of "festival plays," which are held during the summer months, mostly in open-air theaters. The press in and outside of Germany did full justice to the plays held in the Courtyard of Heidelberg Castle, the performances there being probably the best that Germany offered in this respect. The plays in Heidelberg were, indeed, masterpieces of histrionic art and it is to be hoped that more and more Americans will avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing them during this and the coming years. They seem to have become an institution. But one must not forget all the smaller offerings that are given each summer in countless German cities and towns. Only one who has witnessed such performances as *"Wilhelm Tell"* given by peasants in a forsaken quarry can appreciate the charm and depth of sentiment that go to make up these events.

Last year the city of Heilbronn celebrated the 400th anniversary of the reformation of its citizens to the Lutheran faith. The leader in this great movement was Pastor Lachmann, who was greatly loved by his fellowmen as an inspired preacher. A fitting festival play was written for the occasion by Tim Klein, who caught the spirit of the Reformation and the struggles that accompanied it in a masterful handling of various details, such as the outbreak of the peasants, the storming of a city gate, secret meetings of the guilds, etc. The play was performed in the theater, as it was not adapted for out-door rendering.

At present great preparations are under way in the city of Heilbronn to present during the coming summer a play which is exceptionally well adapted for this charming, quaint city, Kleist's *"Käthchen von Heilbronn."* Only amateurs will take part. It is planned to give this festival play in the courtyard of the former palace of the Knights of the German Order, a building complex, still so imbued with Middle Age atmosphere that it will form a most suitable background for the delightful "dream-play" of Kleist.

The rendering of these festival plays has a far deeper significance than may appear on the surface. In the younger generation that grew up amid the crass realities of war and privation it awakens an interest in the beauties of German literature and the charm of their home surroundings. In the older people it renews interest in the affairs of their town and gives a new stimulus to all their activities. For the towns themselves, the value is inestimable. With the shortage of money due to the vanishing of bank accounts and depreciation of the former currency, many Germans are not able to undertake any vacation trip, but it is possible for many to visit the nearest city or town where a festival play is given and so get away, for a day or two at least, from the humdrum of daily existence. Needless to say, the circulation of money, even if little, is very beneficial to any community. The preparations and rehearsals for such festival plays also render an untold service in the "democratization" of the various classes. It is to be hoped that many visitors from outside of Germany will visit the various "festival plays" this year, so that this splendid movement may continue and flourish.

* * *

What with the radio and airplanes and all sorts of inventions, one is growing accustomed to surprises. Still, it caused many a thrill to see or rather hear music transferred by ether-waves without any instrumental intervention. For those who have not yet seen or heard this invention, it may be well to give a few words of explanation. The apparatus used was invented by a Russian, and while he assures us that it is still very primitive, the results are already remarkable. The apparatus consists of but a small box, similar to a small radio set. In the left hand the operator holds a small contact box with a push-button, by means of which, with his thumb, he can shut off the electric current. This makes possible the "pauses," "staccato," and other finesse of musical composition. With the right hand the operator "picks" the notes out of the air. When the hand is near the apparatus, the tones are higher, when the hand is nearer the operator's body, away from the apparatus, the notes are lower. In this way a scale may be played, including all intervals, such as half and quarter intervals, and with a range both higher and lower than is possible on the piano or violin. When the operator "picks" the notes out of the air, that is, when he moves his fingers as though he were picking at a string, the tone is sharp, like that of a flute. When he vibrates his fingers as he "picks," the tone are mellow, like those of a violin or cello. In presenting his invention, the Russian inventor usually has two operators, one playing the treble and the other bass score. With piano accompaniment one would be convinced that a trio consisting of piano, violin and cello were playing. The high notes are so perfect that all agree they sound like a human voice. The trio by Beethoven played with this apparatus, is so remarkable a performance that one gasps at its perfection. And the inventor says that it is still a primitive affair! Is anything impossible! One is forced to admit that if music can be "picked" out of the air, or ether-waves, it will soon be possible to hear the "music of the spheres" and hear how it sounded when "the morning stars sang together." And why not then "pick" everything we need out of the air, our food, our clothes? For is not everything made of the one substance, made "of the things that do not appear?" Truly, it is a wonderful age, this electrical age in which we live!

* * *

Long before the war, travellers and students of Germany heralded the great achievement that had been accomplished there through the federal insurance system. Immigrants to the United States complained that nothing was done there to protect the worker in case of illness or accident, and that he would not be cared for when too old to work. The system as it was in operation in Germany seemed the ideal of provision for the worker in whatever field and many other countries sent commissions to investigate it and then introduce it into their own countries. It is true, the German worker was protected to a considerable degree. When he became ill the costs of medical attendance

were paid and if he became invalided through accident at his work he was given a small regular allowance, which kept his family from starving. The employer paid two-thirds of the insurance fee and the worker one-third, which was deducted from his wage. The two-thirds which the employer paid brought it about, of course, that the wage of the worker was correspondingly lower than it would otherwise have been. Many, of course, never had any benefit at all from this system. A housemaid, for instance, paid one-third of the insurance money, her mistress paid two-thirds, and if the girl married after a few years, the money reverted to the general fund, without either of the payees getting any of it. In this case one must be altruistic and be glad that some one else had the benefit of the money. But the fact of the matter is, that a very great deal of money was expended annually to pay the salaries of the clerks and the office rent, in order to keep up this system and to take care of it. As a rule, the insurance money was paid by all without comment. During the past twenty years, however, doubts have arisen now and again as to the real value of this insurance system. Workers who have returned from other countries, especially from the United States, brought tales that if one earned sufficient wages, one could take care of one's self in times of need, and began to wonder why the American worker can earn his own home after a period of years, whereas, this is practically out of the question in Germany. Physicians, also, began to see the ill-effects of the insurance system. They found that in a majority of workers the "will to be well" was sadly lacking. Through the certainty that the family would be provided for, even if the father of the family did not work, a certain laxity crept in, which the physicians regard as deleterious. Many "imagine" sickness, as they want to have some benefit from the money they have paid in and use this method to have a few days' or weeks' vacation.

Recently the voice of a worker himself has been heard in the form of a book called *"Die Irrwege der Sozial Politik"* (Blind Paths in the Social Policy).

In this book Gustav Hartz gives actual examples of the amounts paid in by workers in various wage-scales, and draws the conclusion that if the worker had saved this money for himself, instead of paying it into a fund from which he could at best draw out but a small amount, he would have sufficient to enable him to retire at the age of sixty. This would have the added benefit that younger men could be advanced and not always have to wait until the old men had reached the age of decrepitude. A practical example to prove his point is given. A worker with a weekly wage M36.—, pays M262.— per year into the social insurance fund, that is, together with the fee paid for him by his employer, which is practically deducted from his wage. If this amount is paid into the insurance fund from the 20th to the 60th year of the worker's life, and draws interest at 5 per cent, there will be a fund of approximately M30,000.— at the end of that time which the worker could claim as his own. Under the present system, however, at the end of his 60th year, the worker has nothing, as the wage he receives is too small to enable him to save any of it.

The author is well aware that the present system cannot be done away with at once, and also that the majority of Germans will not save sufficiently, if left to their own initiative in the matter. For this reason he proposes a reorganization of the former system, by which the insurance money paid by each worker be placed to his personal account, and the insurance money paid by the employer be placed in a fund, as formerly, to take care of the sick and injured. In this way the worker will be compelled to save, but will not have to deduct more from his wage than is now the case, but the vital point will be that when he is too old to work he will have a nice "nest egg" upon which to retire. In case of longer illness or of urgent need, the author proposes that the worker can draw out as much as one-third his savings. In the case of women workers, he proposes that when a young woman marries and stops working in a factory or as a servant, she be permitted to draw out her savings. This would be a great advantage, as the majority of young women in Germany today have not a penny with which to furnish their homes when they marry, as their savings were all lost during the inflation period. The book by Gustav Hartz is causing much comment and it is to be hoped that seriously minded men will earnestly consider the problems which attend the present insurance system.

* * *

The movement for the abolition of capital punishment is growing slowly but surely. As discussions of this problem are now in order in the assemblies of the various states of Germany, the Department of Justice in Berlin has suggested that no executions take place for the present, until the matter has been definitely decided one way or the other. The various states have agreed to this suggestion. It is especially pleasing that the state of Bavaria also acceded to this proposal, as the movement for the abolition of capital punishement has thus far made little progress in Bavaria. Whether capital punishment will be abolished in Germany in the near future cannot be told, but at least many voices in its favor are being heard and eventually these will prevail.

THEODOR HAHN.

Heilbronn am Neckar.

There Are Two

There are two of me—
There's the one you see,
That runs like a one-track local train
From morning to night and back again.
Doing the same old things each day
At the same old time in the same old way!

But the other, flies
Beyond mortal eyes!
It journeys on highways that have no end,
Through the magical Kingdom of Let's Pretend—
And enters by sacred mysterious arts,
The Holy of Holies of human hearts!

Yet you must not scoff or make fun of me,
For wherever you live, or whoever you be—
I have found this true—
There are two of you!

—EDITH CAROLYN NEWLIN.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[By M. K. Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTER XXVIII

Near Death's Door

I very nearly ruined my constitution during the recruiting campaign. In those days my food principally consisted of groundnut butter and lemons. I knew that the butter could be easily overeaten to the detriment of one's health and yet I allowed myself to overeat it. This gave me a slight attack of dysentery. I did not take serious notice of this and went that evening to the Ashram, as was my wont every now and then. I scarcely took any medicine in those days. I thought I should get well if I skipped a meal and indeed I felt fairly free from trouble as I omitted the morning meal next day. I however knew that to be entirely free I must prolong my fast and if I must eat anything at all I should have nothing but fruit juices.

There was some festival that day, and although I had told Kasturbai that I should have nothing for my midday meal, she tempted me and I succumbed. As I was under a vow of taking no milk or milk products, she had specially prepared for me a sweet wheaten porridge with oil added to it instead of *ghee*. She had reserved too a bowlful of *mung* for me. I was fond of these things and I readily took them hoping that without coming to grief I should eat just enough to please Kasturbai and to satisfy my palate. But the Devil had been only waiting for an opportunity. Instead of eating very little I had my fill of the meal. This was enough invitation to the angel of death. Within an hour the dysentery appeared in acute form.

The same evening I had to go back to Nadiad. I walked with very great difficulty to the Sabarmati station, a distance of only ten furlongs. Sjt. Vallabhbhai who joined me at Ahmedabad saw that I was unwell but I did not allow him to guess how unbearable the pain was.

We reached Nadiad at about ten o'clock. The Hindu Anathashram where we had our headquarters was only half a mile from the station; but it was as good as ten for me. I somehow managed to reach the quarters but the griping pain had been on the increase. Instead of using the usual latrine which was a long way off I asked for a commode to be placed in the adjoining room. I was ashamed to have to ask for this but there was no escape. Sjt. Phulchand immediately procured a commode. All the friends surrounded me deeply concerned. They were all love and attention but they could not relieve my pain. And my obstinacy added to their helplessness. I refused all medical aid. I would take no medicine but preferred to suffer the penalty for my folly. So they looked on in helpless dismay. I must have had thirty to forty motions in twenty-four hours. I fasted, not taking even fruit juices in the beginning. The appetite had all gone. I had thought all along that I had an iron frame but found that my body had now become a lump of clay. It had lost all power of resistance. Dr. Kamuga came and pleaded with me to take medicine. I declined. He offered to give me an injection. I declined that too. My ignorance about injections was in those days quite ridiculous. I believed that an injection must be some kind of serum. Later I discovered that the injection that the doctor suggested was a vegetable substance, but the discovery was too late to be of use. The motions still continued, leaving me completely exhausted. The exhaustion brought on a delirious fever. The friends got more nervous and called in more doctors. But what could they do with a patient who would not listen to them?

Sheth Ambalal with his good wife came down to Nadiad, conferred with my coworkers and removed me with the greatest care to their Mirzapur bungalow in Ahmedabad. It was impossible for any one to receive more loving and selfless service than I had the privilege of having during this illness. But a sort of low fever persisted, wearing away my body from day to day. I felt that the illness was bound to be prolonged and possibly fatal. Surrounded as I was with all the love and attention that could be showered on me under Sheth Ambalal's roof, I began to get restless and urged him to remove me to the Ashram. He had to yield to my importunity.

Whilst I was thus tossing on the bed of pain in the Ashram, Sjt. Vallabhbhai brought the news that Germany had been completely defeated and that the Commissioner had sent word that recruiting was no longer necessary. The news that I had no more to worry myself about recruiting came as a very great relief.

I had now been trying hydropathy, which gave some relief, but it was a hard job to build up the body. The many medical advisers overwhelmed me with advice, but I could not persuade myself to take anything. Two or three suggested meat broth as a way out of the milk vow and cited authorities from Ayurveda in support of their advice. One of them strongly recommended eggs. But for all of them I had but one answer—no.

For me the question of diet was not one to be determined on the authority of the Shastras. It was one interwoven with my course of life which is guided by principles no longer depending upon outside authority. I had no desire to live at the cost of them. How could I relinquish a principle in respect of myself when I had enforced it relentlessly in respect of my wife, children and friends?

This protracted and the first long illness in my life thus afforded me a unique opportunity to examine my principles and to test them. One night I gave myself up to despair. I felt that I was at death's door. I sent word to Anasuyaben. She ran down to the Ashram. Vallabhbhai came up with Dr. Kanuga who felt my pulse and said, "Your pulse is quite good. I see absolutely no danger. This is a nervous breakdown due to extreme weakness." But I was far from being reassured. I passed the night without sleep.

The morning broke without death coming. But I could not get rid of the feeling that the end was near and so I began to devote all my waking hours to listening to the Gita being read to me by the inmates of the

Ashram. I was incapable of reading. I was hardly inclined to talk. The slightest talk meant a strain on the brain. All interest in living had ceased, as I have never liked to live for the sake of living. It was such an agony to live thus helplessly on, doing nothing, receiving the service of friends and coworkers and watching the body slowly wearing away.

Whilst I lay thus ever expectant of death, Dr. Talwalkar came one day with a strange creature. He is a Maharashtri. He is not known to fame, but the moment I saw him I found that he was a crank like myself. He had come to try his treatment on me. He had almost finished his course of studies in the Grant Medical College without taking the degree. Later I came to know that he was a member of the Brahmo Somaj. Sjt. Kelkar, for that is his name, is a man of an independent and obstinate temperament. He swears by the ice treatment which he wanted to try on me. We gave him the name of 'Ice Doctor.' He is quite confident that he has discovered certain things which have escaped qualified doctors. It is a pity both for him and me that he has not been able to infect me with his faith in his system. I believe in his system up to a certain point, but I am afraid he has been hasty in arriving at certain conclusions.

But whatever may be the merits of his discoveries I allowed him to experiment on my body. I did not mind external treatment. The treatment consisted in the application of ice all over the body. Whilst I am unable to endorse the effect he claims his treatment had on me, it certainly infused in me a new hope and a new energy, and the mind naturally reacted on the body. I began to have an appetite and was able to take a five to ten minutes' walk. He now suggested a reform in my diet. Said he: "I assure you that you will have more energy and regain your strength quicker if you take raw eggs. Eggs are as harmless as milk. They certainly cannot come under the category of meat. And do you know that all eggs are not fertilized? There are sterilized eggs on the market." I was not, however, prepared to take even the sterilized eggs. But the improvement was enough to interest me in public activities.

M. K. GHANDI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai)

The Study Table

International

Rarely do three books of equal importance and interest come at one time to the reviewer's desk. Bowman's "New World," Buell's "Native Problem in Africa" and Ichihashi's "Washington Conference and After" have exceptional merit and show that an intelligent interest is developing in world affairs.

We noticed Isaiah Bowman's "New World"[1] when it appeared seven years ago: we also noticed the supplementary volume, which was rendered necessary by the course of world events. We now receive the fourth edition of the book, which has been expanded and in large part rewritten, so that it is practically a new work. The original book contained 215 maps, 65 pictorial illustrations, and ran to 632 pages. The volume before us contains 257 maps and 808 pages; the pictorial illustrations have been omitted for lack of space. "The New World" is a discussion of *Problems in Political Geography.* The world war not only compelled new maps, added new nationalities to the comity of nations, destroyed dynasties, erected new so-called democracies—it left a mass of old problems and created a multitude of new ones. It is the new world, following upon the war, with its old and new problems that is discussed in masterly fashion by Dr. Bowman. The book is invaluable and every one who has the slightest interest in the vital questions of the hour needs it. The subject is profoundly important; the treatment is astonishingly clear. It is remarkably fair and well balanced. We do not always agree with our author in his attitude toward Japan and Latin America, but even where we disagree, we are thankful for his presentation. The book is at its best in its discussion of the problems of Europe and the Near East. Here too is where his *new* material is most ample. He has added less to his discussion of Africa, still less to that of Latin America, almost nothing to that of the Far East. His personal interest focuses on Europe and the Mohammedan world. The ample use of pertinent and instructive maps is to be emphatically commended. His long connection with the American Geographical Society, of which he is director, has given the author exceptional opportunity for knowing and controlling such material. There are occasional slight slips in statement of facts. Thus: it is hardly accurate to say that Leopold II "declared himself sovereign of the Congo Free State," nor that China by the treaty of Nanking "opened fine treaty ports to European Powers, Japan and the United States," nor that "the United States loaned Liberia $5,000,000 in 1918." But these are minor matters that do not affect the general value of the work. It is a great, a most useful book and deserves the heartiest of receptions. Published by a school-text house, it is primarily intended for advanced students of geography and politics. Its important content and its fine presentation give it a wide general appeal.

We look with respect upon whatever Raymond Leslie Buell writes upon national or international affairs. Whether it deals with Japanese exclusion, conditions in Central America, or—as here—the native problem in Africa, it is always worth reading. He has a broad view, exceptional art in arrangement, and a clear and simple style. His "The Native Problem in Africa"[2] is his most comprehensive and serious production. It consists of two great octavo volumes totaling well over two thousand pages. It is a report to the Committee of International Research of Harvard University and Radcliffe College,

> . . . based upon fifteen months' investigation abroad. Leaving the United States in June, 1925, I visited the Union of South Africa, Portuguese East Africa, Basutoland, Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, the Belgian Congo, Tan-

1. The New World: Problems in Political Geography. Isaiah Bowman. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1928. World Book Company. 850 pp. v. 808.

2. The Native Problem in Africa. Raymond Leslie Buell. New York: 1928. The Macmillan Co. 8vo. 2 vols., pp. xiii. 1045x1101. Price $15.

ganyika, Kenya, Uganda, French Equatorial Africa, the French Cameroons, Nigeria, the Gold Coast, French Togo, French West Africa, Liberia and Sierra Leone. I also visited the European capitals responsible for the administration of many of these territories and returned to the United States at the end of September, 1926. Upon instructions, I confined myself to the situation in French, British and Belgian territory and Liberia.

Thoughtful people begin to realize that Africa is a serious problem today and will be a more serious one tomorrow. Tremendous mistakes have been made there in the past; almost as serious mistakes are now being made and the outlook is uncertain. Only Abyssinia and Liberia remain in the hands of Africans. As to Abyssinia, she is threatened by the industrial ambitions of European countries; as to Liberia, it may be questioned what amount of self-control remains. All the rest of the continent is divided up into areas of white exploitation. Until the present, the nations in control have thought first of their own interests. A situation has arisen where enlightened selfishness demands a reversal of policies. What is to happen in South Africa? What in Kenya?—to mention two regions where the problem is acute and contains elements of real danger. In Congo Belge has white enterprise outrun the possible supplies of labor to carry it on? Is its population dwindling? If so how are the great undertakings, so well started, to be kept going? One of the most interesting features of Buell's discussion is the diversity of problems. They differ with climate, topography, resources, native population. The questions that arise in a region where white men can live in comfort and those where they cannot are quite different. Whether the original population is Bantu or true Negro makes no difference. Where mining opportunities are present, the problems are different from those where agriculture or stockraising furnish possibilities of exploitation. Even the form of native government has influence—there are regions where great tribes are racially self-conscious, and others where petty chiefs have a limited control. For each area studied Dr. Buell presents a historical background, studies the original native conditions, describes the present condition. He examines the form of control, governmental organization, native policy, administration of justice, land policy, native welfare, missions, education. Space does not permit me to comment in detail upon the material. It is presented with fairness. There is no violent, hostile criticism. Where weaknesses exist they are stated, but with appreciation of difficulties. Possible improvements are suggested. The tragedies are too great, the dangers too serious for trivial or partisan presentation. The fundamental difference between British and French attitudes, policies and hopes are well brought out. All administrations are realizing the necessity of supporting, encouraging and strengthening the Constitution of chieftainship. After trying to break it down, British policy tends strongly to its restoration. The curious French practice of creating chiefs from half-Europeanized natives, and sending them wherever there happens to be a vacancy, shows a strange failure to appreciate the significance of the hereditary chief. Naturally, to your reviewer, the chapters upon Congo Belge and Liberia were most interesting. It is well that some one has at last said an authoritative word about the present great schemes for the "development" of Liberia. Friends of "the black republic" are anxiously awaiting the results. If outsiders—French, English, Americans—would not meddle Liberia might make headway. The agitation of the loan of 1921 was a sad affair for her. After that will-o-the-wisp was dissipated the nation buckled down and was making hopeful progress. Then, alas, came new unsettlement and unwarranted hopes. Enterprises of moderate scope, held well in hand, might do much for the lone star republic; those that outrun all possibility of healthy development, however well meaning, may work incalculable damage.

By request, your reviewer prepared an address upon the Washington Conference, just after it was held. The address was given twice; it was never called for again. Apparently his point of view and judgment of "the great diplomatic adventure" were not popular. At the opening of the Conference President Harding is reported as saying:

> Gentlemen of the Conference, the United States welcomes you with unselfish hands. We harbor no fears; we have no sordid ends to serve; we suspect no enemy; we contemplate or apprehend no conquest.

Yet the situation reeked with suspicion. And one could not but feel that there was a strain of pretence and deceit in it all. Could such a conference really be honest without the presence of Germany and Russia? Of course the participation of those nations was inconceivable at that time. Was it then the proper time for such a conference? Could a discussion of Pacific problems be serious when Mexico, Colombia, Chile and Russia were not invited? Is Macas really so important that Portugal sat in, while those countries did not? Why was Belgium represented? Do money investments in China suffice to give her Pacific interests? Why was not Senator Borah among our delegates? Why was England wild with joy—meeting Balfour on his return "as a conquering hero." A few days later he received the order of the Garter, "the highest honor within the gift of the king." Such are a few of the doubts and questions that occurred at that time to the mind. Today we have a really serious and well-balanced presentation of the whole subject—"The Washington Conference and After."[3] It is written by Prof. Yamato Ichihashi, who teaches Japanese history and government at Stanford University. No one is better qualified to write the story. The chief delegate from Japan was Viscount Kato, now dead. Prof. Ichihashi was his interpreter and secretary. As such he was obliged to keep in touch with every phase of the Conference from beginning to end; he had to be present at not only the public meetings, but also at the private confabs of "the Big Three—Balfour, Kato and Hughes." The aims of the Conference were twofold: first, to bring about a limitation of armaments on the part of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers; and, second, to solve Pacific and Far Eastern problems by a concerted effort on the part of *nine nations,* including the United States, the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, China, the Netherlands and Portugal. Thus, in reality, the Washington Conference was composed of two distinct conferences, each with its special tasks. The book therefore naturally falls into two parts. The first deals with the efforts toward the limitation of armaments. It resulted in the famous ratio 5:5:3—with France refusing to join and Italy demanding equal freedom with France. Notwithstanding President Harding's assertion, suspicion and fear of Japan were strong influences in bringing about the

3. The Washington Conference and After. Yamato Ichihashi Stanford University: 1928. Stanford University Press. 16 mo. pp. xii. 443. Price $4.

Conference and in all the discussions. This was shown in this part of the program not only by the inferior naval power permitted to Japan, but also by the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, which had long been a source of irritation to the United States. It was substituted by a four-power pact. Even more serious questions arose in the second conference dealing with Pacific and Far Eastern problems. Here Japan's interests were far greater than those of any other power. China put forward an extraordinary series of demands. Many of them were fully justified but not infrequently China's purpose appeared to be merely to sow dissension between Japan and the western powers. There were many delicate moments in the discussion and a diversity of opinion presented itself. On the whole both China and the United States secured considerable of what they sought. Thus, the open door policy, upon which Mr. Hughes laid great stress, was more sharply defined, and accepted. Sympathy and assistance were promised to China in such matters as tariff control, foreign post offices, radio and telegraph establishments—perhaps even extra territoriality. Not all her demands were granted, however, and it was held that the Shantung matter was outside of the scope of the Conference. Though under no obligation to do so, Japan entered into direct negotiation with China upon this point, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Hughes extending their good offices. As a result of this negotiation Japan withdrew from Shantung, turning it back to Chinese control. The Conference resulted in a nine-power treaty regarding China, which marks a real advance although it carries some elements of danger. Two other sources of irritation between Japan and the United States were amicably settled, although they did not come before the Conference, as such—the question of Yap and that of Japanese troops in Siberia. All of these matters are presented clearly and in full detail by Prof. Ichihashi. He maintains remarkable balance and justice. He presents enough historical background to show the precise bearing and significance of the points under discussion. He presents the arguments upon each and the effect of the decisions reached. The book is one of exceptional weight and value. It is so clearly written that a reader unacquainted with the conditions gets a real grasp upon the subject. While the author realizes that "the great diplomatic adventure" did not have all the results hoped for, he believes that it was a distinct step forward and that it cleared an atmosphere that had been somewhat dangerously charged.

FREDERICK STARR.

Correspondence

The Situation in Mexico

Editor of UNITY:

A heart warming expression has come to Mexico from the people of the United States. The President, the Ambassador, the Press and the periodicals which mirror the judgment of those who stand on guard in Social Welfare, have grasped with amazing quickness the facts in the present disturbance.

As a Mexican, it would hurt me deeply if people were to say, "The Mexicans are fighting again." The Mexicans are not fighting again. Looters are abroad and the Government of Mexico is now engaged in rounding them up.

The rebels would quit this moment if the Government would offer bribes, but the Government is determined that there shall be no placating of thieves with bribes of money or concessions. From Mexico City to the smallest barrios and pueblos government by law shall be established and the rights of every citizen safeguarded.

There are several kinds of wilderness, but the most impressive variety is ignorance. When Diaz made his last report he claimed there were 48,000 in school. Today, because Calles battled through this wilderness, there are 1,750,000 in school. This is the important point to concentrate on instead of generals and armies. Almost two million children in school and others coming along. In a few years they will relieve us and because of education for them the burden will be easier.

The other morning, tired from a long difficult trip, I was awakened by the whirr of an airplane. As I rushed to the window I saw the sunlight on a silver monoplane and I knew that Bob Pesqueira, envoy of the President of Mexico, was on his way to Naco. Flying from one point to another, directing, advising, helping, Bob Pesqueira symbolizes the intelligent Mexican. He says that wrong people simply mean wrong thinking and the job is to clean out wrong thought while correct ideas should be defended when necessary with life. In the midst of war talk someone mentioned American Art, and he quickly said, "Don't you see that Aztec Art is American Art, the art created on this continent?" A few hours later he was winging his way towards Mexico City, doing his best with the highest efficiency, and with an understanding heart that in some towns below him held by looters are loyal Mexicans, and their friends in dislodging thieves must try not to sacrifice them.

Riding through the mesquite to check points along the border I encountered Governor Rodriguez of Baja, California, who is the recognized chief on the western sector. No one would accuse him of being weak, yet here again was the same concern for the innocent bystander. Rodriguez has planes, three bright shining new ones and men to use them. He may have to send those planes over Nogales, but he won't do it until it has tested other means of dislodging the usurpers, and only then because it would be better to sacrifice some of the people than for all to return to the old bondage.

When this trouble started Rodriguez was building a dam to provide water for 5,000 hectares of land. He had thought and planned about this for a long time, knew what it would mean to the people in his district, and it was with unspeakable regret that he saw this work stopped and the money diverted to military channels.

I mention these two from the many ethical high class men who are defending the destiny of Mexico. You have reason to believe in Mexico and to hope that this disturbance will be the final one of its type.

There were people of vision who once held up the arms of Moses; today you uphold the arm of the Mexican Government. Perhaps you would like to write to President Emilio Portes Gil, Chapultepec, Mexico City, Mexico. Your confidence and understanding gives him refreshed strength to remain steadfast, determined to carry on the reforms for which the Mexican people have so long struggled.

Sincerely,

JOSE KELLY.

Commissioner of Commerce, Industry and Labor of Mexico.

Mexican Consulate, El Paso, Texas.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A PROPOSED PROGRAM FOR THE TEMPLE EMANU-EL

[Note: This statement by the Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, of Los Angeles, California, is of exceeding interest, as showing the tendencies of the best religious thought in Judaism as well as Christianity.—Editor.]

The invitation which Temple Emanu-El extended to me two years ago to be its rabbi carried with it the understanding that this synagog, being young and without fixed traditions, would expect to have me develop its viewpoint and formulate its program in accordance with my views. This assurance was supported by the preamble to the constitution of Temple Emanu-El.

"Believing that Judaism is a religion of perpetual growth and development, we hold that, while loyal to the fundamental teachings thereof, we are, and by virtue of the genius of Israel ought to be, free to interpret and restate the teachings of Israel of the past in the light of the present."

This was with me the decisive argument in favor of leaving my old pulpit. In these last two years, my developing views have been expressed not only in my sermons but in all the Temple activities. They underlie our religious school teaching. Our Humanist Club, our Emanu-El Forum, our Emanu-El Players Guild, and our Study Circle, have been brought into being to carry out various phases of this program.

The following paragraphs are taken from my sermons of the past year in order to set forth the main points in my views upon religion and the synagog. I offer them as a program for Temple Emanu-El. They seem to me the only possible basis upon which the synagog can continue to exist. They offer Temple Emanu-El a place of its own in the religious scheme of the Jewish Community.

Religion and the Synagog

"Religion must advance by dropping the superstitions which still cling to it. It must reject a belief in the supernatural, in the traditional theory of revelation and miracle. It must reject every element of magic or wonder-working, and must rest upon scientific foundations. It must refuse to accept any belief or hope which science vetoes, even if it be the much cherished hope of immortality.

"The old type of religion existed for the glorification of God. The new outlook is humanistic, that is, it concerns itself solely with man, his needs, his fulfillment and the quality of his living. It seeks to discover spiritual values in the world, and to raise life to a higher ethical plane. It aims toward a higher degree of human excellence. It seeks to create a new world thru intelligence, reason, and love. It spiritualizes the life of man, and teaches him to live nobly and well. The old theistic religion, we must reject. The new humanistic religion, the most advanced men cannot dispense with.

"The synagog must be spiritually reconstructed. It must shape its aspirations to the noblest and truest thoughts of educated men. It must voice all truth without fear. It must disown the old beliefs which, having outgrown their truthfulness and usefulness, have become superstitions which thinking men discard. It must revise and modernize not only its language, but its whole idealogy, theology, and its prayer book, which have become antiquated and nearly useless. It must formulate a true theology and build up a more genuine ritual, by which we may worship in sincerity and truth."

God

"The term God has been used heretofore to signify an 'externalized, individualized personal Being.' To most people it still means that. I cannot accept such a definition. The concept of God has been continuously evolved from the most primitive origins in an unceasing development. The God idea grows with the growth of man's thought. We are now witnessing another development of the God idea.

"I cannot believe in the personal God of traditional religion. To me, God is the advancing totality of man's highest ideals. He is not the source whence man comes but the onward moving goal toward which man is directing himself. God is not a constant but a daily growing God. God is a term for my best, and the 'all-good' of the human race. As the race has advanced, it has exchanged one God for a better. Religion must always be the unending quest for a better and truer God."

Prayer

"It follows that Prayer can no longer be a magical means of obtaining favors of a supernatural God. It can only be aspiration—the expression of our ideals and purposes. It is the exercise of holding up for reverence and emulation, my God as I conceive him. It is the

---

A Cry from Bulgaria

[The following letter has been received from a personal friend in Bulgaria, who is a member of the Bulgarian Parliament and an influential popular leader. We hope that his appeal will be broadcast by our readers and other papers throughout the entire nation.—J. H. H.]

I have pointed out to you how heavy was the load of reparations imposed as a result of the war upon our people and that said load makes life for the greatest majority of our people almost unbearable. The people dwell in miserable dwellings, undernourished, poorly clothed and that not only puts a stop to all cultural developments, but forms an agreeable base for epidemics and contagious diseases and the present offspring is likely to become sluggish and incapable to battle the obstacles which are encountered in daily life.

The political situation for the Bulgarian people in Macedonia also weighs heavily upon us. The conditions there are so terrible that they have no equal either in history or literature, Dante's Hell not excepted. The dreadful Dictatorship recently proclaimed has put a stop to all activities and the Serbian brigands and outlaws that run Macedonia care about the happiness and well being of our people there less than about anything else.

Sorrowful moans come to us from that unfortunate land. The greatest part of the intelligent people have been chased away by their oppressors and are now roaming in foreign lands, shelterless, hungry, destitute. Bulgaria is doing her best to give shelter to those unfortunates that come daily to our borders, but is unable to cope with the situation because there are so many and she has so many other obligations to meet. This state of affairs can not continue much longer and those unfortunates want so little, only to be allowed to live a decent life under the sun!

I entreat you, in the name of the living God, to do your share that the heavy load of reparations be lifted from our shoulders and that the condition of the Bulgarian people in Macedonia be improved as it is a shame for our twentieth-century civilization to allow such things to exist. You are in a position to do a great deal in that respect, and that is why I make this appeal to you. Our nation is undergoing great sufferings at present, but we are entitled to a better fate, as we have done a great deal in the past for the culture and progress of humanity.

I thank you in advance for giving the above lines your due attention and expecting to hear from you soon, I am

X.

Sofia, Bulgaria.

Calvin Coolidge

I

Editor of UNITY:

It is my practice to give or send my copies of UNITY to friends or anybody who I think might be interested. I never mutilate UNITY by cutting out articles I would like to keep. What I like, someone else might enjoy, but the article by Mr. Holmes on Calvin Coolidge I cut out and destroyed. It was so unkind. What did you expect President Coolidge to be—somebody else and not himself?

During the business depression when Roosevelt was President I asked a manufacturer of machinery what was the cause. He said, 'That damn Roosevelt talks too much."

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Stafford, Conn.

II

Editor of UNITY:

Enclosed please find stamps for which kindly send copy of your issue of March 4th, the one containing that masterly, unerring editorial on Calvin Coolidge.

AMELIA C. FORD.

Worcester, Mass.

act of creating myself in the image of God.

"It will readily be seen that these views are utterly at variance with the Union Prayer Book. Therefore it becomes necessary to revise our ritual, and make it accord with the religious needs of modern men. Such attempts have been made in a number of synagogs such as the Free Synagog of New York. It need hardly be pointed out that the Union Prayer Book is a revision of the traditional prayer book, that the Union Prayer Book has already been several times revised and that a new revision is now being planned. We must never permit ourselves to view the prayer book as unchangeable and final."

Is This Judaism?

"These are becoming the accepted views of all liberal thinkers, Jewish or non-Jewish. There will be no vital difference between the religion of Jewish and Christian liberal in the future. But Judaism will clothe religion in its own characteristic culture, language, and ceremonial expressions. It must be remembered, that Judaism is the outgrowth of a four thousand years' development from tribal beginnings and primitive religious origins. That long development has contained a thousand changes, some very violent, which are traceable in the Bible, Talmud and entire Jewish literature. Every philosophy, every civilization thru which Judaism has passed has been incorporated in part within Judaism, which has however placed upon it the stamp of its own characteristic genius. Judaism passing thru this modern scientific age with its amazing discoveries in every department of life, is destined to enter another great period of its development.

"The Jewishness of the synagog will depend in the main upon its cultural activities, its ceremonial observances which link it with Israel's historic past, and its identification with the Jewish survival thru Zion. There are many ceremonies which have ethical as well as aesthetic values, and they ought to be retained and practiced. There ought to be classes and courses in Jewish history and literature, thru which the Jewish past may be transmitted. And the linking of the synagog with the hope of a Jewish rebirth in Palestine is in itself almost sufficient vindication of a claim to Jewishness."

The Future of Temple Emanu-El

I do not expect all to agree with these views. The pew should be as free as the pulpit. But the institution must have a general character and tendency of its own. Within fairly wide limits, its people must be like minded. Certainly its pulpit must not mean "all things to all men" but must have a very definite viewpoint and message.

Emanu-El must strike out on a path of its own. It must become a pioneer in a liberal movement. I do not say that such a course will solve its financial problems. These problems are the burden laid upon us by over-ambitious founders who were more interested in putting up a large building than in establishing a religious principle. They must be solved in part by financial ingenuity and in part by the growing support which our platform will attract to our synagog. I may say with pride that already the community at large recognizes in Emanu-El the liberal institution of the Jewish community.

Traditional Reform has spent itself. There is need of a further reform. It will come with us or without us. We may permit it to pass us by scornfully. Or we may choose to take part in the great adventure of building the synagog of the future. As for me, "I would rather fall under my burden in the dust at the foot of the ladder leaning against the unfinished Temple of the future, than to rule, the proudest of monarchs, in a kingdom that is to pass away."

—*Herman Lissauer.*

ASK RIGHTS RESTORED TO VICTIMS OF WAR ACT

In a petition presented to President Hoover last week, the American Civil Liberties Union has renewed its fight begun during the Coolidge administration for a presidential proclamation restoring citizenship rights to 1500 men and women convicted under the war-time espionage act solely for their utterances.

A resolution urging the President to proclaim such amnesty was introduced in the Senate by Senator John J. Blaine of Wisconsin and into the House by Representative F. H. La Guardia of New York. The Senate resolution was favored by the Judiciary Committee. Senator Blaine will reintroduce the resolution in the special session.

Among the signers of the Union's petition to President Hoover are: Jane Addams, George W. Anderson, Frank Aydelotte, Bernard Bell, Phillips Bradley, Chauncey Brewster, Henry Sloane Coffin, Zechariah Chafee, Jr., Norman F. Coleman, Ada H. Comstock, R. Fulton Cutting, John Dewey, Paul H. Douglas, W. E. B. DuBois, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Raymond B. Fosdick, Norman Hapgood, Robert Herrick, William E. Hocking, Arthur N. Holcombe, John Haynes Holmes, Julia C. Lathrop, Ivy Lee, Francis J. McConnell, Julian W. Mack, Louis Marshall, Alexander Meiklejohn, Underhill Moore, Harry A. Overstreet, Allen S. Olmsted, Jr. II., Don Carlos Seitz, E. R. A. Seligman, William H. Short, Herbert Bayard Swope, F. W. Taussig, Robertson Trowbridge, Wilbur K. Thomas, Vira B. Whitehouse, Marian P. Whitney, Tyrrell Williams, Mary E. Woolley and Harry F. Ward.

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